

# Girls! Girls! Girls!

BAE BABES  
IN DARING  
POSES!!

UNSINKABLE  
HARRIET  
GELLER

ELAINE TEE  
VOTED NO. 1  
NUDE FRIEND

FOR ADULT READERS ONLY

NUMBER THREE

AGME

\$2.00

FULL COLOR  
DOUBLE PAGE  
CENTER SECTION



# Girls! Girls! Girls!

NUMBER THREE  
SUMMER ISSUE

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HOWDY,  
PARDNER

"We was out on the range rounding up heifers when we run onto her with her hoof caught in prairie dog hole. We were about ta slap our brand on her when we decided we couldn't mark up a thing like that!"







"Vincene Cradduck is this gal's handle  
and with handles like those who cares  
if her name is Cradduck?"





"So we'uns threw our rape  
an her and dragged her  
back ta the bunkhouse to  
keep her fer' a pet....  
We'uns have had same  
nasty brawls around the  
bunks at night over wha  
wuz going ta pet her!"







Don't shoot until you see the whites of  
their thighs...





"We wuz going to enter her in a rodeo os trick rider or something, but we got to thinking maybe some long-horn cowpoke might recognize as his stroy and rustle her out from under us."









She came...we saw...she conquered  
...we were very happy to surrender  
...her showed us she was quite shapeless  
...her superstructure proved to be first-  
rate and her stern has good lines!

# SHARI

When Shar approached us to see if  
we'd be interested in using her as a  
model all we could say was, "Let's see!"



A black and white photograph of a woman in a bikini posing on a boat deck. She is leaning against a dark railing, one leg bent and resting on the railing, her arms raised behind her head. Her hair is dark and styled. The background shows the wooden railing of the boat.

In fact when you stand back and survey the whole craft you'd have to agree any naval skipper would be happy to have Shari Wagner under him as first mate.





We approached her take over below deck, but the whole idea fell apart when she repelled all boarders.







When informed she'd have to conform to novel customs or walk our plank, she decided to go overboard so our salty tale ends with—BLUB...BLUB...BLUB!



**DOUBLE  
YOUR  
PLEASURE,  
DOUBLE  
YOUR  
FUN....**

by  
jan  
joy



Fred Bromley put down his issue of the *NEW YORK TIMES* as the train pulled into the station at Babylon. He checked his watch. It was 8:23 and the Long Island was late as usual. Nothing had changed while he was on vacation. Glancing along the platform he saw a tall, athletic young man, about his own age, ready to board the train. Fred Bromley automatically picked up his briefcase from the seat next to him.

The young man in the narrow lapels strode confidently down the aisle and gave Fred the big smile.

"Hi there, old buddy," said the narrow lapels. "Long time no see!"

"Sit down, sit down," said Bromley, returning the big smile. "Got the place all ready for you. You've got a great tan there, old sport!"

"Thanks," said his friend, easing his long frame into the seat. "I'd say the same for you. Damn!" he said, rubbing his knee. "I see they haven't made these seats any wider. It's hell on a man my height, riding these trains."

Bromley grinned. He was long in the body, but short in the legs.

"Well, it's back into harness again today," said Bromley at last. "Just got back from vacation, old buddy!"

"Say!" said the long one. "You too? Today's my first day back, too!"

"Well, what do you know!" said Bromley.

"I see nothing's changed since I went on vacation," said Austin.

"That's funny," said Bromley. "I was going to say the same thing myself!"

"Well, what do you know," said Austin.

"So how was the vacation?" asked Bromley.

Austin gave him a long, slow smile.

"Old buddy," he said, "I want to tell you that this was a real two weeks of relaxation. It was really great!"

Austin leaned over intently. "I hope you won't be shocked by this, but this vacation was really different. You see the wife and I got to talking. You know how it is, being married five years and never having any time to yourself, really. Well, this year we decided that we'd take separate vacations. Sort of go our own ways for the two weeks and get a good rest—with privacy. You get me?"

"Oh, I follow, all right," said Bromley, smiling.

"So that's what we did. We took separate vacations. And it was really great!"

"Well, I'll be damned," said Bromley. "This'll kill you," he said, smiling. "But my wife and I decided the very same thing! Can you imagine that?"

"Well, I'll be damned!"

"Yes, sir," said Bromley. "We just went our own ways for the two weeks, and I never relaxed better in my whole life. It's funny how a change of pace will fix a man right up. Gets rid of all those tensions, you know?"

"Absolutely!" said Austin. "One hundred per cent absolutely. You just come and go as you please, and you don't worry about a thing."

"Nothing like it!"

"That's for sure!"

"Of course," said Austin, "I don't want you to get the idea that there's anything wrong between the wife and me. But I think every marriage needs a change of pace now and then."

Austin grinned. "Where did you go on your two weeks of freedom?"

Bromley smiled. "I trotted on down to Wildwood, New Jersey, and had a ball. It's a real great place. Nice beach and a lot of clubs. It's sort of the bush leagues for entertainers on their way up to the big leagues, you know. So there's plenty of acts that are first rate. Spend all day on the beach and all night in the pubs!"

"Sounds real crazy!" said the long one. "But I'm not much of a beach man. I hit for the Catskills. Golf's my dish! And I sure got plenty of holes played, I'll tell you. And there's plenty of night life there, too!"

"Friend," said Bromley, "all I can say is, if the Catskills were anything like Wildwood, I don't know how either of us got a tan!"

"It's moonburn," laughed Austin. "It's moonburn, not sunburn! Hah-hah!"

"That's a good one," said Bromley. "It wasn't, but he wanted to be friendly."

"Penn Station!" cried the conductor, who really didn't care, one way or the other. The two young men popped out of their seats and before they melted into the throng they decided to meet for lunch.

The two young men met at a bar, talking about nothing in particular and everything in general, couching as much of their talk as possible in the lingo of Madison Avenue. They sipped away the first forty-five minutes of the two-hour lunch hour before they decided to sit down at a table and polish off some food. At the table they both ordered lunch and one more martini while waiting for their order to be served.

It was during the last martini that they finally exchanged the ultimate confidence.

"And, of course, I never intended for anything like it to happen," Bromley was saying, "but that's what happened. Just met her at the bar in the club after swimming and struck up a conversation. Well, you know how it is, when two people just meet and click. That's the way it was. She was a real sweet kid and we got along just fine."

"Oh, I understand very well," said Austin. "It's funny how those things happen, isn't it? I had a similar experience, although I met this particular girl at the golf course. Just started talking and the next thing you know...well, you know?"

"Sure," said Bromley. "I know what you mean."

"Of course, I don't want to give you the impression that I'm one of these fellows who goes around cheating on his wife all the time. But this was different..."

"Of course," Bromley said, completely understanding. "Of course, you're not an old rake. But things like this happen every now and again. Just the magic of the moment, as they say."

"Well, I'm glad I got to talk to someone about it," said Austin. "Strange, though, how we got into the same situation, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't suppose it's strange. After all, we seem to be pretty much alike in many ways. Just circumstances, old friend."

"Yes, I suppose you're right."

"Funny thing, though," mused Bromley, "I must be getting soft or something. But I keep thinking about her."

"Now that you mention it," smiled Austin, "I've been going through the same sort of thing myself. Odd, isn't it? I thought I could just walk away from it, let-by-gones be by-gones and all that rot."

"Same here," said Bromley. "But I just can't do it. The old brain keeps wandering back in time, you know. Maybe it's just a reaction to coming back to the old grind."

He lit a cigarette and tried to relax with a few puffs. Bromley watched the smoke rise in the air conditioning and, gazing at the ceiling, turned his thoughts to Wildwood and the Jersey shore—and to Irene.

He had met her the second night he had been at Wildwood. After a day at the beach, upon which he sunned himself and checked the bosoms of the female sand-walkers, Bromley had retired to a bar, sitting next to the tall, slim, brown-haired girl.

They had talked for a while and Bromley had bought her a couple of drinks. Then they had dinner and later...

All in all, thought Bromley smiling to himself, it had been an enjoyable two weeks. No questions asked, none answered. He and Irene had just enjoyed themselves: for two weeks they had been lovers, a vacation time romance. And then it had ended.

Their parting had been warm and friendly, with no regrets and no plans for the future.

Oh, they had exchanged telephone numbers and that sort of thing. But this was no long-range romance. Irene realized as well as he did that this was merely an interlude, having no relation to life as a whole. Their worlds were not the same world, Bromley thought, waxing philosophical. Perhaps they would meet again and recapture the magic of those moonlight nights along the Atlantic shore. Perhaps not. At least, they had shared something once. That, perhaps, was enough.

Still, Bromley found himself wondering what Irene was doing now.

Strange that he could be so preoccupied. He had always thought himself to be the type of fellow who could love... and forget...

\* \* \*

Back at his office Arthur Austin gazed at his typewriter. There was a sheet of copy paper in the machine and printed there:

Space Kids! New, improved, jet-lined  
"SPACE-FLAKES!" are

Austin pondered the next line. What were they, after all? Just another cereal, when you came right down to it. But not just another cereal when the agency was paying you good money to make the mouth of every grubby child in the nation drool for these new, improved, jet-lined flakes.

Slowly, Austin typed out the next few words:  
for the birds!

"Here I am back on the job exactly one hour," thought Austin, "and I'm ready for another vacation, already!"

He ripped the copy paper from the typewriter, crumpled it into a small ball, and pitched it across the room into the waste basket. He missed: it was a rim shot, and the paper rolled along the floor.

"I'm just a natural-born three-putter," thought Austin, and just as quickly he was back in the cool Catskills, sipping a martini at the nineteenth hole.

Her name was Dorothy and she played a fairly good game of golf for a woman. They had sat in the bar at the course for an hour or so, just talking about nothing in particular. Then they had dinner together in a corner of the hotel dining room, and afterwards...

All in all, Austin thought to himself, it had been a most pleasant two weeks. There was the golf in the morning, and the pool in the afternoon, and then the beautiful moonlit nights. Something to think back on—a two-week interlude, to be sure—but two weeks of romance with no questions asked and none answered. Live for the day and the nights. Don't ask questions. Just enjoy it. They had been lovers for two weeks in the fresh mountain air, and then it had ended as they both realized it would. But there were no tears, no regrets. The vacation had ended, that's all.

Of course, they had exchanged telephone numbers and promised to get together again someday. But Austin doubted—as he knew Dorothy doubted—that they would ever recapture the romance of those two weeks. They had shared something briefly and now it was over. Perhaps that was enough.

Austin found himself wondering what Dorothy was doing now. The scent of her soft blonde hair came back to him now, and this surprised him. He had always considered himself one of those fellows who could have an affair and forget it.

Strange...

Austin swiveled back to his box of "SPACE-FLAKES!" He would make another attempt to identify with the product.

\* \* \*

The bar of the fashionable East Side Restaurant was crowded with men in narrow lapels, downing their martinis and chattering like a flock of crows. The conversations centered around the business of the day—or rather, skirted around the edges of the business of the day, since this was the type of bar where confidences were seldom exchanged.

Austin shunned the purple set and wrenched his way through the crowd to the other end of the bar, nodding quickly at several people who were his juniors in the huckster industry, stopping briefly to flash the big smile and the fast line to those who were his senior.

Halfway to his end of the bar Austin stopped short. There was Bromley, sipping his martini thoughtfully, speaking to no one.

"Hello there, old friend!" said Austin. "What are you doing in this place? Lost?"

"Oh, hello there, Austin, old man!" said Bromley, turning. "I thought I'd just pop in and see how the other half lives. Join me?"

"Thanks, I will." Austin caught the bartender's eye. "Martini, Fred," he called. "The driest."

Fred—the bartender—winked, signifying that only he and Austin knew the secret formula; that they alone shared the secret of the ages. Fred the bartender was very good at that sort of thing.

"Makes the best martini in town," said Austin to Bromley. "Pretty fair," agreed Bromley. "Pretty fair."

"So how was the job today?"

"Not too bad," said Bromley. "Better than I thought it would be. How about you?"

"Things were a bit rough at first, you know, getting back into the old swing of things. But, then, the work is terribly exciting. We're starting a big campaign and, although I can't tell you too much about it at the moment, it's really big. Really big—and tremendously exciting."

"We've pushed off on a new venture, too," said Bromley.

"Quite a deal. Everything's still strictly under wraps at the moment, strictly. But I can tell you that it's in the field of medicine which isn't my main line, of course. But the whole thing is terribly challenging. Just stimulating as hell."

"I guess we're both pretty lucky to walk into situations like this. I'm getting all wrapped up with this baby of mine. It's a bit of a tough go, at first, as it always is. But we're making head-way. I can tell you that: we're making head-way. And it's always a shot in the arm to see the daylight at the end of the forest. Gives a fellow a real sense of accomplishment. That's the beauty of this business. To know that you're doing something worthwhile, pushing the economy along."

"Maybe," said Austin. "That's probably the answer. And then, you just can't recapture the situation or the setting. I mean, it wouldn't be the same if we met these same girls here in New York. At least, I don't think it would, at all."

"I dare say, you're right, old friend."

"The two young men munched their lunch in silence, both thinking the same thing. What would it be like in New York?

Finally Bromley spoke:

"Look," he said, "there's one way to get these girls out of our systems. We'll meet them here in Manhattan and end this thing once and for all. See them in our natural surroundings. Then it should be apparent that they mean nothing at all to us! Of course, that's just off the top of my head, but chew it up with your lunch."

Austin chewed. He'd been dying to see Dorothy again anyhow and this would be an opportunity. He hoped Bromley wouldn't think too badly of him. At any rate, he would appear to be reluctant at first.

"Well," said Austin, hiding his enthusiasm, "it might be worth the effort. Maybe you have a good idea there, Bromley, old man. Might be worth while and it might give the air a good clearing. When would you be free? We could both call them in for lunch some day and see what develops."

"Thursday would be just dandy," said Bromley, "if that's all right with you?"

"I think that would be fine," said Austin. "Just fine."

"Then let's set it up for Thursday. Okay?"

"Okay," said Austin.

Bromley smiled inwardly. He had been literally dying to see Irene again. He hoped Austin wouldn't think badly of him, but he just had to see her, under any pretense.

\* \* \*

Irene was putting the finishing touches to her newly waxed kitchen floor when the phone rang.

"Fred Bromley!" she cried in surprise. "I never really expected to hear from you again! (PAUSE) Well, I just never did expect to, that's all!"

Irene waved a hand across her brow, putting in place a strand of hair which had fallen there.

"Why I'd love to meet you for lunch, Thursday! I'd simply love to! (PAUSE) Of course, I know right where it is. (PAUSE) Now, darling, you're very sweet to say that, but you wouldn't say that if you could see me now. I'm an absolute fright! I really am. But I promise I'll be ravishing Thursday. Simply ravishing! (PAUSE) Bye-bye, sweet."

Irene replaced the receiver in the hook and sighed. She leaned back against the built-in range and, closing her eyes, hugged herself. She felt suddenly like a school girl ready to go out on her first date.

\* \* \*

Dorothy was cleaning the built-in electric range when the phone rang.

"Arthur Austin!" she cried in surprise. "Well, I never expected to hear from you ever again! (PAUSE) Well, I just never did! I really didn't!"

Dorothy smoothed her dress and smiled into the receiver.

"Why, I'd adore meeting you for lunch Thursday. I think that would be simply divine! I really do! (PAUSE) Yes, I know where it is. (PAUSE) That's sweet of you to say, darling, but I'm simply an awful sight this minute. I just look a fright, I really do. (PAUSE) Yes, I promise to be lovely Thursday. I'll wear the moonlight in my hair, just for you, darling. (PAUSE) Bye-bye, darling!"

Dorothy smiled to herself. She walked slowly across the room and gazed out the window for a moment.

\* \* \*

The bar of the fashionable East Side restaurant was crowded with men in neat, narrow lapels with shirts buttoned down at the collars. The young men were talking to young women in cocktail dresses. They all looked alike. They were talking about the same things and the air was filled with the meaningless jargon of desultory Madison Avenue courtship. It was one o'clock Thursday afternoon.

The two young men sipped their martinis and thought about the afternoon to come. Both of them had taken the trouble to register in hotels in the city, although they would have been loath to admit this to one another.

Bromley looked at his watch.

Austin looked at his.

It was 1:05 Eastern Daylight Time.

\* \* \*

At exactly 1:05 Eastern Daylight Time, two young ladies approached the fashionable East Side restaurant. They were dressed in cocktail dresses, summery, and they both wore their make-up with the skill of fashionable suburban young-maids.

For the first time now, both young ladies noticed each other in a casual sort of fashion. They smiled politely, but distantly as women will do. Then they swung through the doors, full skirted and confident.

The time was 1:06 Eastern Daylight Time.

Arthur Austin and Fred Bromley sat at the bar watching the door intently. Neither one had spoken for the last two minutes. They were tense and expectant, waiting for their girls, eager to resume the adventures that had started on their vacations.

Both men saw the flash of full skirts at the revolving door and saw the slender ankles and the high heels.

They stood there at the front of the fashionable East Side restaurant: a brown-haired girl and a blonde.

Arthur Austin and Fred Bromley both dropped their martini glasses.

"Good Lord," said Arthur Austin and Fred Bromley. "It's my wife!"

\* \* \*

At exactly 1:07 Eastern Daylight Time, the separate vacations came to an end.

What occurred between 1:07 and 1:30 Eastern Daylight Time was quite trying and had best be left to the reader's imagination. However, it turned out finally that both men were fortunate in having obtained hotel rooms. In these they spent the night, while their wives returned to their homes on Long Island.

It was unfortunate that none of them had a sense of humor.

END



## ELAINE TEFF VOTED NO. 1 NUDE FRIEND

One look at Elaine and everyone knows there's more than just prosperity around every corner... So tip-a-conee and Elaine, too!









The Teff candidate really doesn't need to make any campaign promises, her figure carries promises enough for any election.













The vates are all in and  
it's Elaine Teff all the way.



# THE ADULTERER'S HANDBOOK



**ARE YOU  
READY FOR  
ADULTERY ?**

Adultery is the salvation of marriage. Every considerate married man should have *extramarital* relations for his wife's sake. The self-sacrifice shown by a husband who spends an evening in a motel with a blonde, who has cocktails with a raven-haired beauty, or who meets a fantastic redhead for dinner contributes toward building a happier, more stable marital relationship.

The reasons are simple. After several years of marriage, dullness and boredom inevitably begin to set in and eat away at the foundation of the sacred union of man and wife. Therefore, something must be done before this decaying process totally destroys the home—the rock upon which our American way of life is built. When a man commits adultery, he is expanding his horizons. He is having new experiences and is rekindling the spark of youth that will increase his vitality and make him a more dynamic human being. When he returns to his wife, he will be like a tree sprouting new leaves after the cold winter. He will be alive and capable of reviving the beauty of the young love they experienced early in their marriage. Adultery is a sacred crusade—one man's attempt to preserve the American dream of the strong united family.

However, many wives fail to recognize the valiant attempts their husbands are making on their behalf. They call it cheating; they become angered and crazed with jealousy. So each husband must, again for his wife's sake, keep his efforts secret. He must suffer in silence. The suggestions in this handbook are presented as a humanitarian effort to save your wife undue mental anguish. Read each page carefully. It is the least you can do for a woman who has given you the best years of her life.

The adulterer is an elite soldier in the age-old struggle for kicks. He must be fully trained in the necessary tactics that will baffle the enemy while he proceeds to achieve his objective. Working undercover as he does, the adulterer cannot afford the slightest error that might jeopardize his mission. He must give careful attention to detail and he must be able to anticipate the enemy's every move.

This section on "Basic Survival Tactics" has been secretly prepared by our intelligence department, and the information contained herein must be treated as confidential. Set each line to memory and then burn each page in this section. **THIS SECTION MUST NOT FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS!**

If you have made up your mind that you want a mistress, you should be guided by the following rules:

1. Never pay her rent, food, or other expenses by check. Signed checks can be used as court evidence and for purposes of blackmail. Always give her cash and let her settle her own accounts.
2. Do not sign the lease for the apartment or open a gas, electric, or telephone account under your name.

Continued on page 35



it doesn't take a national poll to find out who's going to get all the votes in this issue... It's Eloine Teff way out front.

- Never receive mail at her address or answer her telephone.
- Never park your car near her building. You would do well to leave your car several blocks away and walk or take a cab.
- Make certain that you do not become familiar to the doorman, the elevator operator, or people living in her building. You would do well to wear a simple disguise, such as fake beard, when you visit her.
- Do not carry the key to her apartment on your key ring.
- If you leave extra clothes in her apartment, be certain that they cannot be identified as yours. That is, do not leave shirts with the mark of your regular laundry or suits with the label of your tailor.

These may seem like a lot of unnecessary and complicated rules, but remember . . . The affair you save may be your own!



# THE ADULTERER'S HANDBOOK

The foregoing are excerpts from the best seller ADULTERER'S HANDBOOK. If you'd like a full set of instructions of how to make out in the world's favorite game you'll want to have the full text of the book.

The handbook covers how to convert your neighbor's wife, how to handle her after you've made your conquest and most important how to keep your own wife off your trail.

If your local book dealer doesn't have it in stock send for your copy now.

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# UNSINKABLE HARRIET GELLER

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We sent an undercover agent on this job, but you can see he turned out to be an underwater sneak...





You know what they always say about girls like this... The bigger they are the harder we fall... Well, a fello could really get hurt around here.

Keep hurting us... IT FEELS SO GOOD!







Any sportsman who wouldn't like to get in hot water with this little fish deserves to drown in his own juices...





# A LONG HOT SUMMER DAY



There's nothing quite as long as a long long hot summer afternoon...The girls couldn't even raise a mole over the telephone so the whole bit disintegrated to a quiet afternoon of staring at the idiot box.







One chick no longer able  
to stand the pace flung a  
pillow at one of her com-  
panions... This had a sat-  
isfying result with every-  
one entering in the fray.



The day soon reverted the long long quiet afternoon until the girls decided to shake out their buddy and finish it off in the pool...





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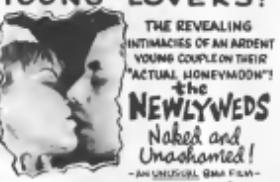
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LET ME SEE YOUR  
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YOUR OWN  
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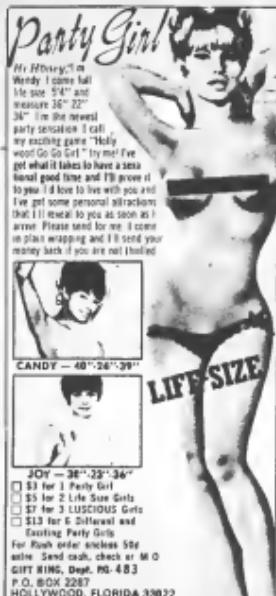
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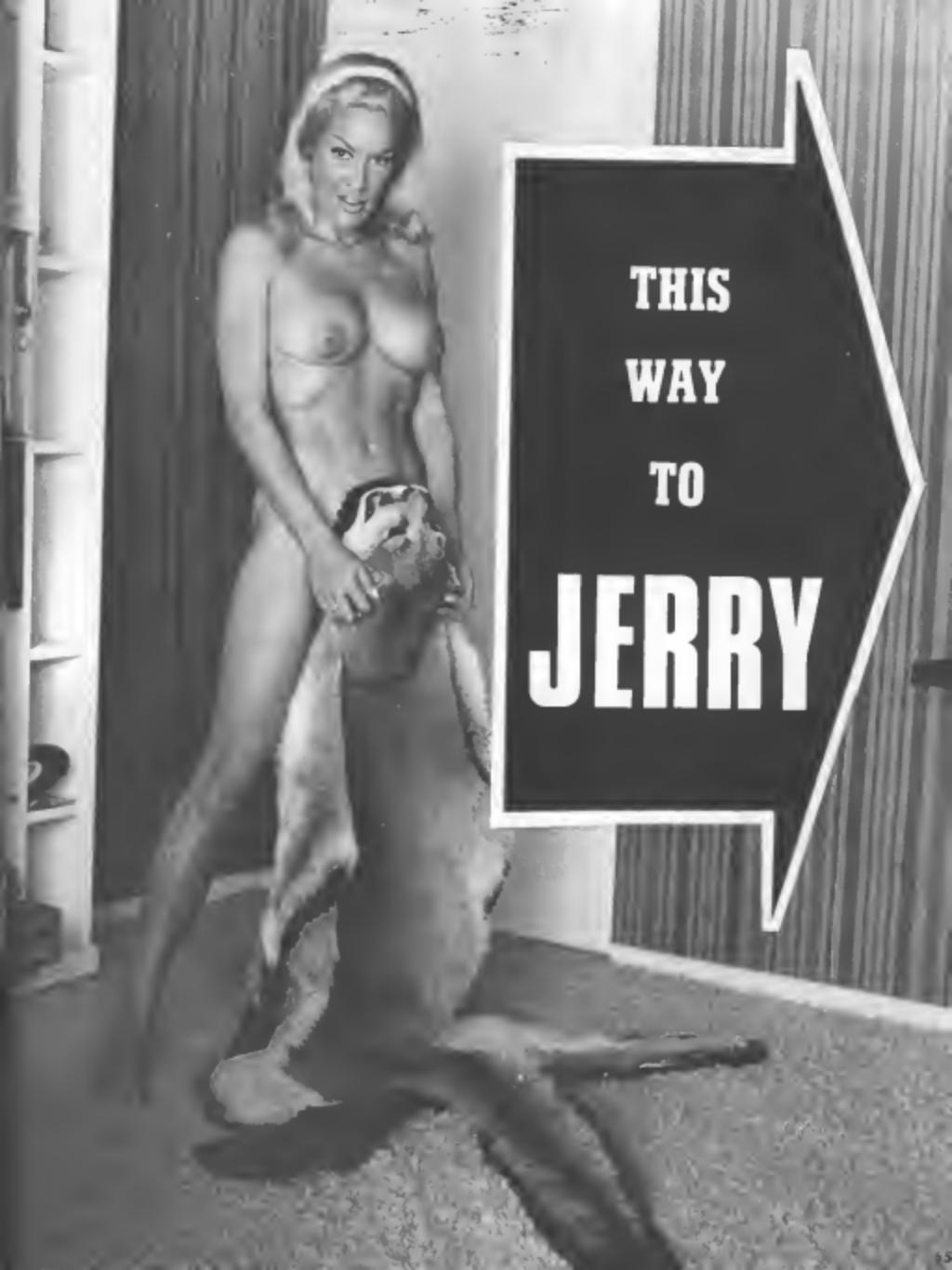
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